

two, and that would have been serious, if not fatally to our disadvantage. As it was, we saw that the best thing we could do would be to hurry away as fast as we could, and we had barely got out of the woods before we heard the howling of two or three dogs almost at our heels. We hurried along without any knowledge or thinking of where we were going until after we had scampered helter-skelter some distance, when we fell in with a small party of our men. While sharing with them our plunder, which was enjoyed by all with great relish, we laid before them the particulars of our adventure. Then it was agreed that all of us should return to the hut and see farther into the affair. This we did, approaching very cautiously, and this time effectually surrounding the place, so that no one could escape. Thus we succeeded in capturing four men in the shanty. Only two of them, however, had arms, and one of them was wounded, so we left the wounded man and the one we had first seen, and marched away with the other two and with the captured arms in our possession until we fell in with a detachment of our provost guard, to whom we delivered our prisoners.

### CHAPTER III.

CONTAINS AN ACCOUNT OF THE MARCH FROM CRAB ORCHARD, KENTUCKY, IN OCTOBER, 1862, UNTIL THE RAISING OF THE SIEGE OF NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, AND THE MARCH ON UNTIL THE EVE OF THE ADVANCE ON MURFREESBORO'.

1. Up to this time I have said little or nothing of the *personnel* of my immediate comrades. The truth is, that the recollection of a great majority of them has faded from me; but notwithstanding that, I will endeavor in this place to do the best I can under the circumstances, in telling who and what they were. Our Colonel was Frank T. Sherman of Chicago. He, or his father, or some other relative of his, owned or controlled the "Sherman House," a large hotel in that city; at least that is what I remember having been said of him in the regiment. In person he was tall and slim. He had a darkish red face and prominent features, suggestive of a tincture of Indian blood. Both in his face and temperament he was decidedly biliously inclined. Perhaps I would be better understood if I said that his whole countenance

was Cassius-like, and he was on the whole considerably more feared than beloved by the men of the regiment, in so far as I noticed. In age he was then probably forty-five years. I can truly say and affirm that, although I saw him every day for nearly five months, I but rarely saw him smile, and never heard him say a kind word to any one. On one occasion, however, he gave a sign of there being something in him which, if assiduously cultivated, might have redeemed his character. It was while we were marching from Louisville, Kentucky, and about the second or third day out from that place. We were winding up hill, plunging into ravines, and the rain fell in torrents upon us. The "boys," as I have elsewhere mentioned, had been singing

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,

and that other one,

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,

and such like songs, in an uproarious manner, and had stopped, apparently for want of breath, as they plodded along the ascent of a steep hill. Having reached a more favorable ground, the Colonel, who was just in advance, gave out the command in clear, ringing tones:

"Prepare to pucker! PUCKER!"

At this the first company gave a shout, and soon the whole regiment caught it up, although the men to the rear of Company "B" could not possibly have had the slightest idea of what they were shouting at or for. Then followed more singing, of course, and the next

day the Colonel was credited as the possessor of some humor.

Lieutenant Colonel A. S. Chadbourne was a mild-mannered, blue-eyed man, and about as fit for hard military service as a delicate woman might be. However, he had a full beard and whiskers, and looked well on horseback. He had formerly been a commission merchant in Chicago, and was very much liked by the men of the regiment, but I never remember him to have distinguished himself in the field or upon the march. Who our Major was I have utterly forgotten. Dr. Coatesworth was our regimental surgeon. He was a large, jolly-faced English-Canadian, if I remember aright, and it was said that he was a good customer at his own medicine chest, especially for "quinine and whiskey," minus the quinine. Dr. Rankin, our assistant surgeon, I knew better. He was a different kind of man altogether. He did not carry himself so high as the surgeon did, and at "sick call" the boys were sure of receiving a kind word and good advice as well as the regulation dose of castor oil. We were all very sorry when the Doctor was detached from the regiment and sent to one of the general hospitals in Nashville. Captain William A. Whiting, of Company "B," was rather a nice-looking young man of twenty-eight or thirty years of age, but I never liked him sincerely because he exhibited on numerous occasions a marked affinity or partiality for one of the several "cliques" of which the company was composed. This was the "Gridley clique," made up of about a dozen men, headed by our Orderly Sergeant, and who hailed from a town of that name

situated far in the interior of the State. Our First Lieutenant was Henry H. Cushing, a bright, soldierly young man, somewhat younger than the Captain, but taller and more dashing in appearance. He wore mutton-chop-shaped whiskers and had a light or reddish growth of hair. He was not heeded very much in company affairs, and I never remember him to have been in sole command. Some time before I terminated my active connection with the company he had been detailed away as Acting-Quartermaster of the regiment. The Second Lieutenant was named Lane. He was a heavily built young man, and of a dull, stupid disposition. He had nothing much to say at any time, even if he knew of anything to talk about. He was absolutely a "Gridley" man, pure and simple. It is easily to be seen that I did not belong to that "clique." There were, as I said before, several of them. There were the "Loda" boys, the "Onarga" boys, etc. If I belonged to any clique at all, it was the "Loda" one. In it were Abe Weaver, Volney, his brother, Ed Stemp, and some others, besides myself. As in all companies of men any way numerous, there are bound to be notable characters in more or less variety, our company was not an exception. First and chief of ours was Tommy Corrigan, a small-sized but tough specimen of an Irishman, and as occasion required, he had the command of every bit of wit and brogue his mother gave him. He was the "funny man" of Company "B," and often got himself out of a severe scrape by the judicious use of his mother wit. While we were encamped on Mill Creek, near Nashville, the Colonel had a milch cow, but no guards

could be got who were honest enough to protect the teats effectually, to say nothing of the whole beast. One and all, they purloined the milk in more or less proportions to the whole, until Tommy Corrigan was picked out as a permanent guardian of the cow. The Colonel now received what he imagined was his full quantity. About the quality, it seems, he had not bothered himself much, and he was kept entirely ignorant of Tommy's generous contributions to the comforts of his company, one mess after another. One day the portion given to our mess looked rather sickly. It was suspiciously bluish and thin. When Tommy's attention was drawn to its consistency he nearly fainted. "Och, sure," said he, "an' I brought the wrong jug. Sure, yees have the Colonel's milk." Tommy had first divided the yield, and then added water to the Colonel's share, and had been giving us the pure article. Next day, the Colonel, having noticed the change, made an investigation, but by some hook or crook Tommy got out of it. I have forgotten the exact way he did it, but I do remember that it was for some time a standing joke. I never knew Tommy to be afraid of anything in front (he would as lief go to sleep on outpost as anywhere else), but from the time of the milk fraud he was very much afraid of Colonel Sherman. Our Orderly or First Sergeant was named Kent, and he was quite a specimen of his kind. To his superiors he was everything low, but toward those below him in his petty rank he was all above. When entering the army he had left a position as factotum of the rich Mr. Gridley, who had bestowed his name upon the prairie town he hailed

from, and of course he headed the "gang" from that place. Here I would be understood as saying that there was no animosity existing between what we called "cliques." The feeling never went beyond the first shade of jealousy, and oftener was restricted to a gentle emulation. Orderly Sergeant Kent was a short, stout man, of perhaps forty-five to forty-eight years of age. He had a bullet-shaped head, covered sparsely with light red hair, but he wore a full heavy beard and whiskers. He would never object to become a partaker in any of the spoils of "gobbling," but neither he nor my son Theodore was ever known to incur any of the responsibility or dangers of that work. Only one thing I remember of him that was humorous in any degree, and so that he might have full justice I will record it here. One time he appeared closely shaved, with a face as innocent of hair as a newly born baby's, although up to that time he had worn an uncommonly heavy beard. When his new appearance was alluded to he answered that "Other men might have their own ideas as to cleanliness, but as for me I have made it a rule to wash my face at least once a year. The anniversary has just arrived, and to comply with the rule it has become necessary for me to shave my face," and he immediately assumed an air as if he was a fanatically inclined hydropathist. Of the rest of our company I remember but little. Theodore Kent, the son of the Orderly Sergeant, was a tall young fellow of perhaps the same age as myself. He, of course, never lost sight of the exalted rank of his father. With him the whole war was a family matter. He was wounded in the foot at the battle of

Murfreesboro'. George Rodney was a tall, raw-boned Englishman, and, according to the Colonel, was a great coward. He furnished an illustration to Assistant-Surgeon Rankin when the Doctor praised the endurance of small men on the march as compared with that of large men. Ike Crawford was an overgrown, jolly prairie boy, and his bosom friend, H. Burr, had the proper temperament to restrain him from going too far in his devilment. Lorenzo Martin was another of whom I have some recollection. Also in the regiment was Alfred Rogers, who was literally a "white man." He was English. He had white hair, white eyes, and a very white skin. I may have something more to say of him hereafter.

Now as to the term "gobbling" that I have used, it may be necessary for me to give some definition. Indeed, I doubt very much whether any one who has not seen service will be able to understand the term without it. The word as I give it is not to be found in any of the standard dictionaries. I may therefore be allowed to state in relation to it that in every mess of five or six soldiers there was to be found one or more experts in foraging for provisions and other necessaries and luxuries not provided for in the regulation "ration" or camp equipage. A piece of butter, a jug of milk, a frying pan, or a coffee pot, besides turkeys, geese, and chickens, were all alike luxuries to the soldiers, and it was the duty of the "gobblers" to procure them when needed. In some messes whiskey or the peach brandy or apple jack of the country was very welcome. This was often done by purchase or trade, but whether or no, such things were had—literally

"gobbled," or taken away without heeding the owner's dissent, or caring for his opinion as to what the price ought to be. That was "gobbling" as I understood it.

2. We remained in the neighborhood of Crab Orchard for some days, and until every fence rail had disappeared in the making of camp fires. Then we started on a countermarch toward Stanford, but we did not go into the town. Just as we drew near to Stanford our orders directed us across the country. Down went a fence as if by magic, and we moved into the most beautiful beach forest I have ever seen in my life. There must surely have been thousands upon thousands of acres in it. All the trees seemed to be as like one another as soldiers in a line, and apparently they were of the same age and size. There was no undergrowth of brush, and the smooth-barked trees shot up like so many giants of the sands, and were ranged in such a manner as almost to suggest scientific regularity. Underneath was thick grass of a peculiarly beautiful green color, over which we marched as if upon a velvet carpet. From this forest we emerged in due time, and got upon the high road near Lancaster. On reaching our place of bivouac we found it to be a large field of stubble. As we were without tents, it became our greatest care to protect our precious bodies from the night cold. We were drawn up in a line of battle, and the commands given, "Stack arms," "Unslung knapsacks," "Break Ranks." No sooner was the last order given than each company, leaving a guard over its line, the rest broke, pell-mell, like a flock of sheep, for the fences, and in

an incredibly short space of time the fences were demolished, and the dry cedar rails of which they were composed were doing good service as fires in front of the line, and upon which supper was being cooked. During the process of cooking, the regular "gobblers" had descried afar off, on the top of a small hill, several stacks of what looked like straw, and very soon after the knoll to the right of us and about half a mile away presented a scene as if a thousand overloaded tumble-bugs were at work. Some were going up empty and running, and others were coming down with loads of unthrashed grain upon their heads and backs. On this occasion it was a shameful waste; for what we used for bedding was splendid oats in sheaves. During the next day or two we reached Danville, but we were not permitted to have more than a view of the city. We supposed it was because we were nearer to headquarters now than we had been at Crab Orchard. The army saluted the city by forming into parade column, and with arms at support, colors up, and bands playing, we marched along the main road that skirted the city on its northern side. About a mile or so beyond we halted on the Lebanon Pike road and went into camp. This camp was made memorable on account of the fact that a full ration of fresh beef was dealt out to the army. A great many of the men had now given out. The heavy marching, aided by the irregular diet and constant exposure, had given them all sorts of diseases, and while we were encamped not far from Lebanon Junction, on the Louisville and Nashville railroad, those who were so sick as in the judgment of the medical staff to be

unfit to pursue the march, were sent off to the various hospitals in Louisville, Kentucky, and Jeffersonville, Indiana; and those whom we had left behind in those places came up with us; among such was Volney Weaver, of our company. While we were near Lebanon Junction, too, snow began to fall, and we suffered very much from the lack of tents. The snow as it fell was soft, and made the ground sloppy and uncomfortable; for we had to lie down on the naked, newly ploughed land. Near Newmarket our mess huddled together within the angle of a rail fence, and contrived to cut some branches of trees to protect us from above, but our device was very unsuccessful. During one night the rain and melted snow fell upon us so much through our imperfect covering that when we got up in the early morning we found we had been lying in a pool of muddy water, and our blankets and clothing were both in a most disagreeable condition. Now we started on another grand race. Bragg had entered Tennessee by the way of the mountains, and was posting for Nashville as fast as his army could follow him. Nashville was already besieged, and its garrison reduced to considerable straits. General Negley, the commander of the Federal forces at that place, had had his supply route entirely cut off by the enemy's cavalry under Generals Wheeler and Forrest, and now Bragg might bring his whole army and reduce the city with its rather slender garrison. There was a railroad running direct from Louisville, on the Ohio river, to Nashville, on the Cumberland river, but the enemy had broken it in several places. A guard of raw troops from Indiana, which

had been placed at Mumfordsville for the protection of the railroad bridge at that point, had been captured before we moved from Louisville, and the structure destroyed. This also interfered with the issue of rations to us; we were oftentimes very short, and had to rely upon the very scanty resources of the country through which we marched. When we arrived at Green river our whole army was compelled to wade it, which was done at a deep ford not far from where the bridge had been, and to the east of its late site. The water was nearly three feet in depth, and many of our soldiers were disabled in consequence of the event. We passed on, however, in reasonably good order, and travelled south, now on the railroad, now miles from it, and again crossing it, as our route led us. We finally got upon the "State road," the making of which, we were told, was a masterpiece of Henry Clay's statesmanship. Through deserted villages and past ruined farmhouses, joking the while with the grinning negroes who straddled the fences, we went on until in due time we reached Bowling Green, and we went into bivouac about a mile west of the railroad. I am pretty sure that the place is not so well entitled to its name now as it was when we were there. Then it was indeed a "green," and "bowling" too. I understand there is a town there now; then, there was nothing but a lot of ruins of burnt houses, and a temporary building erected where the railroad depot might formerly have been, and that was used as a commissary depot. The country around was wild and uncouth, rough and muddy, but perhaps that was owing to the season of the year we visited it. We

here received our tents again, and retained them until the advance on Murfreesboro'. There was something of great importance going on at Bowling Green, and we were regularly mustered, but what it was we could not tell. It was on toward the first of November, and many thought the muster was for pay. We remained there perhaps in all two or three days, and then started on our march again. When we reached a place called Michellville, in Kentucky, the secret came out, and we then knew that Major General Rosecrans had assumed command of our army in the place and stead of General Buell. This was generally hailed as a happy change, but why, I never could learn, and I supposed it was only because General Buell was liked less than a man the army did not know, and besides, it is notorious that soldiers are great lovers of change. We then passed through many more deserted places, amongst which I remember Tybee Springs, a sort of fashionable resort. Soon afterward we struck the State line, and amongst numerous others I too straddled the square stone monument which marked the boundary line between the two States. It was the thing to so sit that one should have a leg dangling in either State.

3. On the 6th of November we reached a point within striking distance of Nashville, and the siege or blockade of that city was raised. Next day (the 7th) we marched in good order and pitched our camp at Edgefield, a suburb or sister city of the capital. Edgefield is situated on the north bank of the Cumberland river, and is built upon a comparatively low, swampy, flat stretch of land. On the other side of

the river is Nashville, towering far above, being built on very high bluffs. Our camp was in a beautiful place, and not far from the river, and the whole army generally improved the opportunity thus afforded of cleansing their bodies and clothing. We were not very short of rations, as I can remember, but it seems that the cavalry and artillery were sadly in need of forage for their animals because of the difficulty of transportation from Louisville, which still remained our base of supplies. Two days after our arrival at Edgefield a heavy foraging expedition was organized, of which the Fifteenth Missouri Infantry, the Eighty-sixth Illinois Infantry, and our regiment together formed the greatest part. There were at least two thousand infantry, besides some cavalry and two small howitzers, all under command of our Colonel. Of course, as usual, we, the men, were entirely ignorant of our mission, and we remained so until we had proceeded some distance to the west and on a road that ran parallel with and close to the north bank of the river. Here we were halted to allow a long train of empty army wagons to get into a proper position. Into them we were placed, ten or twelve men in each wagon. Then we started again, and had gone about five miles or more when our route led us into a thick forest and through a dense undergrowth of brush and bushes. Our fatigue party now had work to perform. Axes were procured and put to employment; trees were felled and the underbrush cleared to one side so as to make a sort of road for our expedition. Most of the infantry were ordered to pile their arms into the wagons, and to assist the mules to move the wagon

wheels over the singular road as the fatigue party progressed with its work. This was indeed very hard labor, and our expedition made but slow headway. The fatigue party making the road were assisted by frequent details from the body of the infantry troops. Several times our advanced troops were fired upon by straggling groups of the enemy's cavalry, but as they were in no considerable force, we were in no danger whatever of any serious collision. When we had travelled a considerable distance and climbed a wooded mount, we reached our objective point, and emerged into a large land bowl of nearly circular shape and perhaps two miles in diameter. All around the rim were the dense woods we had forced, except only on the southerly side, which had for a bound the great river; but the bluffs there were so high as to render the place totally inaccessible from that side. Within the enclosure there were several well cultivated farms, having good, substantial, comfortable looking houses and appurtenances. The whole appeared to be a settlement of so many families, who had for some particular reason thus chosen to isolate themselves from the outside world. Here there were no evidences of war's desolation: not a fence rail out of place, nor a straw stack touched, nor a road turned up. As we descended the slope of the approach to this scene of conservative civilization, the command was given to "file right and left" from the centre, and soon the immense train of empty wagons was placed in some fields, while the whole basin was surrounded by armed men. It seems that this beautiful spot had been doomed to utter despoliation. It had been a depot of

supplies and a place of retreat for the predatory forces that had so worried General Negley during the blockade. The farmers must have been warned of our coming, for we found all the pig-pens empty and the stables and stock yards nearly so, but what was very significant, the bars or gates were all down or open. The men not actually on duty, apparently fully aware of the design the farmers had in turning out the stock, posted off to the woods, and forming large circles, they gradually drew closer and closer, until they succeeded in catching, as it were in a net, a numerous lot of fat hogs, sheep, horses, and some few milch cows. The pigs were immediately despatched with the musket, and, if the brutes did not die fast enough, there was no compunction exhibited as the men severed the hams from the still quivering trunks—the rest of the carcass was left to rot. Meanwhile the contents of the granaries belonging to the various farms were emptied into the wagons: corn, wheat, oats, in sheaf and otherwise, hay, straw, and, what was very highly esteemed, a large lot of corn fodder, or leaves of corn that had been cured very much as hay is cured. But the enterprise of the pork hunters had resulted in the making of an unexpected discovery. As one of the several parties was hunting pigs they were led by the prey far into the deep woods, and there they found an immense corn crib, containing, it was said, more than three thousand bushels of the precious article. The commanding officer was soon informed of the discovery, and very quickly the unfilled wagons and those only partially filled were sent to the place. One disclosure led to another, until no less than five such depots were



found, and in a short time every available wagon was filled to its utmost capacity. The well beaten ground by which each crib was surrounded left no room to doubt that what we had fallen in with were provisions stored for the use of the guerilla bands of cavalry of the enemy, lately in the neighborhood. The farmers having denied all knowledge of the existence of more forage than was within the honest view, of course received no certificates from the quartermaster and commanding officer for the corn found in the woods. That night we bivouacked on the premises, but in an extra guarded manner, to prevent any kind of surprise, and early the next morning, having cast our blight upon what was so fair the day before, we started on our return march to Edgefield. That was rather a jolly tramp. On nearly every wagon were piled or hung dead hogs, sheep, venison, poultry of all kinds, and even hares that some of the men had caught. Tied to a wagon, was the Colonel's new milch cow, and as I was on duty as an orderly for him on that expedition, I had an opportunity to see and note that he was in a continual state of anxiety over that cow until it was safely haltered to a tree at the rear of regimental headquarters. We reached our camp in due time, and without having suffered a single casualty that I heard of, excepting the loss of one man of the Eighty-sixth Illinois Infantry, who was killed by the falling of a rotten tree as we were going out. We received flattering commendations on our success. For the next few days there was high carnival of fresh meat and game in our camp. After remaining in this place about a week longer, we again struck tents, and took up our

line of march over the bridge into Nashville, and out again on the Nolansville pike road, and there we encamped on Mill creek, about five miles from the city. I visited Nashville various times, and went into several of the different forts by which the approaches were guarded and defended. Fort Constitution or Fort Confiscation stood on an eminence called "Constitution Hill," on our right and rear and overlooking the Franklin road, which led to the south. Long lines of cotton in bales had been so disposed as to form break-works in different directions, but the lines were now broken, and the cotton had been taken away by friends and foes in about equal proportions. It appears that when the city was blockaded General Negley had proclaimed a sort of martial law, and had seized upon all the cotton he could find for defensive purposes, and the soldiers and citizens had vied with one another in the task of hiding a bale here and a bale there, in out-of-the-way places; dark cellars, empty houses, and negro shanties were largely used. Bed ticks were stuffed with the stolen property for the exclusive purpose of having a comfortable rest, but as a convenient place to hide a few dollars worth of the stolen goods. This proved that all had confidence in the ultimate raising of the siege, and that they also had a lively idea of the value of cotton as a provider of something substantial after the blockade was over. Much of this stolen property was secured by Government officers appointed for that purpose, but the soldiers mostly succeeded in getting rid of their plunder by selling it to citizens, and it was the latter class that got into trouble upon the investigations that were made. Our

camp on Mill creek was in a pleasant place, on a high wooded hill, and not far from the road. That is to say, it was pleasant enough after the whole regiment had worked on fatigue duty upon it for a few days. Trees were cut down, and streets made for company quarters and a broad avenue between them and headquarters for dress parade. The enemy's lines were not very far to our front, and we began to realize that outpost duty in November and December months was not a very pleasurable business. The lines were often so close that cavalry volleys were dispensed with, and so the extreme outpost duty fell to us of the infantry. We were frequently on duty for thirty-six hours without relief, but as we were in groups of four or five together, it was not minded very much. We made several reconnaissances in force from this camp, and upon one occasion drove the enemy through Nolansville, and succeeded in capturing a few of their cavalrymen, and we came across a lot of empty packing cases. These latter were of European make and marks, and had evidently contained clothing, boots and shoes, etc., that had just been distributed to the Southern troops. I ought to have mentioned in the proper place that at the battle of Chaplin Hills or Perryville I noticed that some of the enemy were armed in a superior manner, with weapons of English make. The balls were peculiarly formed, and each one had a triangular-shaped indentation at the butt. It was while we were encamped at Mill creek that the following incident occurred. It must be remembered that coffee was an article of the extremest scarcity within the enemy's lines. The real genuine article

was not to be had for love nor money, and as soon as we extended our lines we found that the natives would barter almost anything for a small quantity of the aromatic luxury. Even the coarse refuse of our camp-kettles was eagerly sought for and in a manner snatched up by the famished residents. One day Tommy Corrigan came to camp and reported that he knew of a man living not far away who had plenty of good butter. On this it was proposed that an enterprise should be immediately undertaken to procure some of that luxury for our messes, and so, after providing themselves with a small quantity of the necessary coffee (for coffee was a better tender than money), several of the men, headed by Tommy, started off. On reaching the house the native bartered in good style, but failed to hide his real eagerness when the coffee was displayed to his view, and he soon closed the bargain—a pound of butter for a small tin cupful of the brown berries. He took the coffee and placed it in a receptacle within a closet, and then proceeded outside and to a cellar to procure the butter. Meantime one of the soldiers quickly possessed himself of the coffee just delivered, and put it into his haversack, which he passed to another of the men, one who had said nothing, and who was apparently not of the party. Tommy Corrigan, having secured his butter, left for camp. The receiver of the stolen coffee now commenced to dick, and after the usual bartering, an agreement was entered into. Fortunately for the man, the native was over cautious, for he put his second purchase of coffee in another hiding place, and so failed to discover the trick, and the first rogue got his butter. It was said